[fic] Diplomacy.

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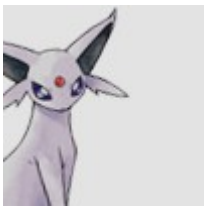

Title: Diplomacy.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Smut! Angelcest!
Pairings/Characters: Lucifer/Gabriel/Michael/Raphael.
Word Count: 1,516 words.
Summary: Michael and Lucifer are fighting and Gabriel stops them before it escalates to violence.

Note: *facepalm* This was written for **_bluebells**' Five Acts Round Three memepost and it...I get wordy when I write porn, and this needs its own LJ post. If I get this wordy again in upcoming fills for that meme, expect more posts like this.

Also it's a sequel to this which explains why I've got four archangels in the Cage.

It starts with a fight. Raised voices, Michael shouting at Lucifer and they are so close to coming to blows that Gabriel gives up on words and stops everything with a kiss. He seizes Lucifer's chin and presses their lips together, cutting off words entirely.

Even Michael stops mid-sentence, startled into silence as Lucifer goes from surprised to calculating to willing inbetween seconds, returning the kiss with heat.

Gabriel doesn't even need to look to know that he has Raphael's attention. Lucifer drags his attention back to himself with a bite and then a tongue between Gabriel's lips when Gabriel tries to tell him not to bite, and then Gabriel is the one moaning, not Lucifer like he had intended.

It worked, though - they aren't fighting, everyone's attention (and outrage) is focused on how Lucifer is leaning into Gabriel, how Gabriel is working Lucifer's pants open, how Lucifer growls and pushes Gabriel back until they meet one of the walls and gets *his* pants open by ripping them off.

"Hey!" Gabriel tries again, for he hadn't wanted biting *or* ruining of garments in this, but Lucifer cuts him off with another kiss, deep and wet and Gabriel gets something right this time that makes Lucifer moan back.

Lucifer grabs Gabriel's wrists when he tries to get his fingers onto Lucifer again and pushes his arms above his head, abusing his angelic powers to hold them there, to hold Gabriel against the wall as Lucifer decides what to do with him.

"It's not exactly what you intended," Lucifer tells him with a smirk, "but it's what you're getting. Michael!"

His sudden snap brings Michael out of his shock, and this is where Lucifer rests a hand on Gabriel's chest and turns to face him.

All of them hear how Gabriel's breathing quickens, as he panics over the possibility of the fight resuming and worsening when he is helpless to stop it. It makes Michael close his mouth from whatever he was going to say, and Lucifer -

Lucifer turns back to look at Gabriel, eyes unreadable before he moves in and kisses Gabriel deeply, almost reassuring with the gesture.

"Stop that," he murmurs as he breaks the kiss and turns back to Michael.

"What are you doing?" Michael asks.

"Extending an invitation," Lucifer says, idly ripping buttons off of Gabriel's shirt, pulling it open. "It would be rude of me to take what Gabriel's giving without offering you two an opportunity to share."

"Oh," Gabriel says.

"What?" Raphael finally asks, but Michael, no, he doesn't need an explanation.

It - seeing the flash of interest in Michael's eyes; the spreading flush in his skin - makes Lucifer want to drape himself over Michael and ask him exactly what he's thinking of, exactly why and how he knows what Lucifer is offering, but no. No, Gabriel is panting under his hand and Raphael is suspiciously confused and this is an *opportunity*.

"Watch," Lucifer tells Raphael, and slides his fingers into Gabriel's mouth. He is hugely appreciative that he has the right brother pinned to the wall, as Gabriel knows exactly what to do; Gabriel sucks on his fingers and licks, eyes closing, clearly enjoying himself.

It's a show, and it works: Michael's flush deepens and Raphael isn't able to hide his own interest before he expresses outrage.

"If you don't want to participate," Lucifer tells him, and him alone, "then retreat to your corner and hide."

Michael has already moved close enough to touch Gabriel's cheek, lightly tracing skin with gentle fingers as he explores the lines of Gabriel's face and neck and chest, focused on that and only that. It helps him miss Raphael's disapproval and how Lucifer pulls his fingers free to kiss Gabriel again, whose hips are bucking

helplessly from the sensations.

"I guess it's take advantage of my generous spirit day, then?" Gabriel asks breathlessly, not surprised at all when he's not answered. He tugs at his bindings, testing them, and he has to groan when he realizes how strong they are. It's not worth the effort to break them, not when Lucifer's still watching him and Michael is -

Michael is wrapping fingers around the tip of Gabriel's cock, and Gabriel jerks forward, startled at how good it feels and who's touching him and oh, he *likes* that.

Lucifer smirks at them both and moves back, forcing a kiss on Raphael as he wraps his arms around him.

"You're still here," Lucifer says when Raphael protests, and kisses him again, dragging fingers down Raphael's back, tearing clothing as he goes to touch skin.

Gabriel moans too loudly as Michael continues touching, and Michael quiets him by kissing him finally, tasting his lips. It's good, good for both of them, and Gabriel watches Michael as he kisses back. He can't help but think that this is long overdue, and that he wants more.

Raphael is still there, still stiff against Lucifer's advances but he is watching Michael and Gabriel, and he is hard when Lucifer feels him through his pants. He closes his eyes when Lucifer leaves his hands there, presses gently and Raphael goes quiet, unwilling to admit that he wants - has been wanting - this contact, unwilling to watch Michael and Gabriel any longer.

"Better, Raphael, that is much better," Lucifer whispers in his ear.

"Shut up." Raphael doesn't want to hear any mocking, not now. Not when he is so weak to these physical wants.

Lucifer bites his ear and presses his palm into Raphael's crotch and it feels good, so good, but it in no way relieves the ache that is building in him. Raphael's not there yet, but he wants to give up on control and demand that Lucifer give him more, but no, no he will not.

He opens his eyes and sees: Michael has put his fingers into Gabriel's mouth now, Michael has sped his strokes of Gabriel's cock.

Gabriel opens his eyes, prompted by coincidence and stares back at Raphael, mouth working, hands jerking as his hips thrust forward into Michael's touches.

Raphael opens his mouth to say something, to moan perhaps but Lucifer unwittingly saves him from further embarrassment by jerking his pants down and grasping him, and now he has the perfect excuse for the babble that falls from his lips. Lucifer's touch is loose but always moving and Raphael cannot help the wanton moans as he feels what he has *never* felt before, not like this.

"Lucifer," Raphael gasps, as he truly can't help it, and he sees Gabriel grinning at him around Michael's fingers.

Michael pulls his fingers free of Gabriel's mouth with a wet pop and kisses him, stroking him faster. Gabriel arches and moans, kissing back, close to coming.

He can't explain how Lucifer knows, or how Lucifer gets Raphael to move close enough so that he can reach out and help Michael, and he doesn't much care to explain when extra fingers and the knowledge that this is Michael and this is Lucifer stroking him is enough to make him come hard, his shout less human in nature with Voice bleeding through as the orgasm rips through him.

Gabriel sags against the wall moments later, panting, strangely glad for the restraints now as otherwise he would be sliding down to the floor, losing this vantage point as Lucifer returns his attentions to Raphael, and it's not long before Raphael is finding his own release, crumpling in Lucifer's - no, Michael's, as he pulls Raphael away from Lucifer. Gabriel just stays where he is, panting and watching them all.

Lucifer watches Michael and Raphael for a moment, then smirks and presses Raphael between his body and Michael's as he kisses Michael. He's lucky that Raphael is still dazed, and Michael accepts the kiss, returning it after a long moment.

"Can I have my hands back?" Gabriel asks, seeing the storm beginning to brew, and no, he won't let Michael close off now.

Lucifer barely looks over as he releases the binds with a wave of his hand, and Gabriel lets himself fall forward on his knees, cushioning the pain of landing. Instead of resting he navigates the legs before him and reaches to grab and hold onto Lucifer's cock, then Michael's. (He's abusing his own powers, making Michael's clothing vanish, but since when has he cared about abusing his Grace?)

Besides, Michael and Lucifer's nearly twinned gasps are worth it. Gabriel rests his head forward on Raphael's leg and strokes, eyes closed, just listening to Lucifer kiss Michael again.

Gabriel flicks his fingers and rubs along Lucifer's tip and Michael's underside, feels Raphael shiver against them, and smiles. It's not long before Michael is coming with gasped moans and shudders, holding onto Raphael, and that's enough to tip Lucifer into coming with his own low groan, and Gabriel's smile turns into a grin.

It wasn't exactly how he was planning to stop their fight, but it was close enough and he has no complaints. Not even when Raphael nearly falls on him when Michael loses his grip on him.